AN UNEVENTFUL LIFR.

(New York Times.)

Liscomb, pallid and fragile. made a pathetic picture as she sat at her desk in the meagre city apartments which she and her brother occupied, the more pathetic for the lack of any inten-For, as "P" and "B" are quite imilar consonants, so just a little selfonsciousness will suffice for the production of bathos. But Brends, while troubled about many things, was too accustomed to the lot to claim either comniseration or interest. One who is used the fog misses not the sun, and since their parents had died and left Harry to her charge, Brenda had had no occasion o seek the shady side. For five years now she had struggled for assistance, and had succeeded in existing; barely more, though she had worked so strenusly that the traces of care and toll n brow and cheeks and lips were artistic shadows to her pathetic posture.

When she had started on her poor little areer, she had been ambitious. She' had pelieved that her thoughts were brighter than those of most people, and that she knew how to express them freshly; yet quaintly. She had hoped-it was only in some such retrospect that her mind did become subjective, and then its quality was an amused contempt. She had noped-and with what result? She had become, through a straining of powers, a hack writer, able to evolve a certain quantity of twaddle each week for which tain syndicates would give so much a umn. So much and so little; a bound clumn. So much and so little; a bound of poverty and a barrier against starvaon, her earnings kept herself and Harry in an economical livelihood, which was omfort to her, but distress to him. Was there, indeed, any condition short is unlimited luxury which would be satisfactory for the boy? And even in that are, wouldn't he sooner or later discover mits? It seemed so, for a pocket of but loograte size caunot remain filled if derate size cannot remain filled if she thought of her brother, and here has the freedom from bitterness which he her smile an aid to pathos. He was there's worthless, yet so lovable; a cracked and mutilated, yet when n place seemingly rare and perfect, when was Harry ever in place; a knew, though she would not ad-

years of effort had produced the ve years of effort had produced the gwages of a hack writer. Was there ting clee as a result? Yes, nothing a fitting definition of her ambition, re was something before her, though a fitting definition of her ambition, re was something before her, though the fact had caused Brenda to pause a her work and muse in pathetic postal mass of manuscript with the heavy an wrapper half unrolled, bearing her clions. It was a narrative which she written in the interstices of her laters, a story of demestic life entitled, e Markhams and the Maidments," she had just received back with of she had just received back with anks from the publishing house to which he had proffered it. There was nothing accommon about this event to Brenda, demonion about this event to Brenda, di the formal note of refusal had been diciently polite, but, in turning over e unfortunate pages—just as happier emen may arrange and rearrange a dead writing, the report of the reader to firm, evidently left there through negand this is what it said: Niminy-namby-pamby; wishy-washy; in More's worst style. (Signed)

when his want was urgent, and

L. S.
And so Brenda rested in thought and alled derisively at herself and loviegly or Harry, reviewing her poor little reer with sincerity, and yet with a int touch of wounded pride. There is a certain amount of truth in this de dictum of "B. L. S.'s" she realized, d yet wasn't the "niminy-pininylsm," ... compatible with actual domestic excitences? To her eye, and she believed both single and trained, the Markhams d the Maidments were vital people. and the Maidments were vital people, having their trivial joys and sorrows, which were just as great to them as the mighty wees and passions of history. Their experiences exemplified, and in s. The trouble was that in a fit of peration Brenda had sent the tale to ouse as likely to publish anything dilic, as it was to forego the profits of milication; and, the sting of the rest made venomous by the reader's empt, had completely disheartened Hannah More's worst style! She milied by the inscrutable attached to this worthy woman, as once attempted to read some of Village Tales," and, strong as she in patience, she had speedily relinited the task for the darning and ling, in which she was inept, and carefully bound and tied her action so ruthlessly contemned. She is put it away, as one might a prete tombstone, as a memento of and henceforth limit her outfit to twaddle which had a marketable. And yet Brenda could not help sighing as the perversity of things obtruding. There at that very moon her desk before her was a copy "Evangelical Stylus," an enteralight, some and the against of things of this south and a marketable and market

line highly-successful magazine of saintly sort, which accepted her ar-s eagerly and cried for more. On front and rear covers were flaming s setting forth that the management anxiety to encourage the growth aginative prose writing of the purest highest nature, offered a prize .00) for the best moral tale of 75,000 "to be competed for by ere was a chance, and an obstacle, a nd hole and a square peg. "The Mark-es and the Maidments," embodied

ms and the Maidments," embodled aginative prose writing of the purest in highest nature, if Hannah More had y title to her reputation, and Brenda precinded from offering the work in upetition by the wretched drudgery the made her at once unknown and a professional, "and they've put the by in the right place, too," reflected girl with critical eye. he careless slam of a street door and any step up the stairs portend rather sty step up the stairs portend rather For that was Harry, and home

erruption than a help, and yet as a heard these sounds she ceased melancholy, she smiled, and became waking, wiped away tears. Perhaps, perhaps, he had found work, or at thad tidings of a chance, and was ming to bear them to her. A likely



Tired Women

Should stop and consider the dangers which threaten them because of their weakness, languor and lack of ambition. Thousands of women find their strength unequal to the demands of duty. And yet there is no escape from the incessant round of care and toil. They must have strength. How shall it be given? By building up their systems through purified, enriched and vitalized blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them strength because it will make their blood pure and enable it to feed the nerves upon proper nourishment. It will create an appetite, tone the stomach and invigorate every organ. It is what tired women need.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It feeds the nerves on pure blood. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with

surmise this latter, ironic in its meaning: Harry was hastening to bring tidings of a chance to her, and both tidings and chance, like Harry, were false.

Entered then a silp of a young man, dark, and lithe, and graceful, with a winning face, and sharp black eyes. "How pleasant it is here, Brend," he exclaimed, as he threw himself upon the lounge; "I'd often sit with you if I weren't afraid of disturbing your work."

"You never disturb me, Harry." repited the girl, "except by your absence. Besides, I'm no! busy now. I'm just finishing a funeral service, and that dusty top shelf is to be the graveyard. See, dust to dust; may they rest there in peace." And she consigned the package of her manuscript to the heights of the closet.

"Who are they." asked Harry; "not 'Markhams and the Maidments,' sure-I always thought them not half

"Both tribes have perished from a dread-ful mortality called caccethes scribendi, and the least we can do is to have a feast in their honor. I am in a cooking humor and the chafing dish is in prime condition for adventure. Let me see, I will just step out and get this money order cashed and be back in a jiffy with the chicken and eggs and oysters, if you will only

"Let me go," suggested the sly Harry, But no; the girl, while simple, had some respect for the teachings of experience. She shook her head and her finger playfully, the poor child; "No," she explained, hurriedly; "I want the walk, and you will wait, dear."

wait, dear."

Aye, Harry would wait and he would lay in wait. A good part of that money order should be his, if his tongue had not lost its glibness in depicting an impossible chance for undesired work. He would wait, but a pirate's patience, though persistent, is restless, and Harry was not fond of his own thoughts, save when stimulants fortified them with selfesteem. So he wandered about the room as thus far he had wandered through

as thus far he had wandered through life, looking at the photographs and tossing them aside, picking up a book and laying it down again, breaking a paper cutter and upsetting a bowl of flowers, rumbling, disturbing, destroying with all the perversion of his nature.

His sharp black eyes chanced to light on the "Evangelical Stylus," ordinarily obnoxious in his sight. But they caught the advertisement and remained transfixed; \$1,000 for a trumpery moral tale, which Brenda could write in a month. Could write; had written rather, for was not that manuscript consigned to the dusty tomb the identical thing required to an lota? Did not the "Markhams and the iota? Did not the "Markhams and the Maidments" exactly fill the bill? Harry had read that ethical work, in-

deed, under pecuniary goad, he had copied portions of it. He had sincerely spoken when he had described it as not half bad, if it weren't so good. And now that fault was the essential quality; if Brenda had tried for the prize she could not have used better judgment. Why, not have used better judgment. Why, then, didn't she now compete? She must have seen those flaming headlines. When Harry sneered his nose and his little black moustache became wonderfully inblack moustache became wonderfully intimate; now they fairly coalesced into
a beak with wings as he conned and reflected. "For amateurs only," he repeated. "So that is the cause of the burial.
Is there any such complete fool as a
goody-goody girl? Well I'm an amateur,
all over and I'il try my luck. She'll never suspect; I can change the title to-let
me see. 'An Unevenful Life'-yes,
that will do. I swear I believe I could
write a better one myself if I should try.
And I can send it in in Billy Haynor's
name. He's square and a fifty will And I can send it in in Billy Haynor's name. He's square and a fifty will keep him so. Come forth, then, Lazarus! You're not dead: you're only sleeping," and Harry dragged down the package from the shelf and hid it in the folds of his overcoat, which lay on a chair in the passageway.

Harry had not yet acquired the natural repose of evil-doing. That, likely was one
of the rewards time had in store for his
persistence. He could obtain it artificially
together with a complacent view in which
wrong seemed right, and pleasure the highest duty, and he, himself, the clever-

highest duty, and he, himself, the clever-est, best-natured, wittlest, most thor-oughly delightful young man in the world. "About three stiff cork-ers," was the receipt, and he did yearn to apply them now. He was so miserable, his surround-ings seemed so mean, and the tleking of the clock, the scent of the flowers, and the conca, the scent of the howers, and the confounded prim knickhaacks made him so nervous. Why didn't Brenda come home, so that he could work her for a V and get out of this stuffy prison? Presently Brenda did come, laden with bundles, her pale cheeks actually abloom from exertion and excitement. from exertion and excitement.

and if you will be careful and put on "Oh, Brenda, I forgot," broke in Harry,
"I have such a chance for a place-gen-eral manager of a patent-and to-day is

the last day to apply. It may mean a fortune to me-"
"Then go at once," replied the girl, eagerly, but had she spoken a moment later it would have been sadly, ah, so

"But I must deposit \$5 as an evidence

of good faith."

"Take it, Harry."

A moment later there was a hasty step on the stairs, a careless slam of the front door, and Brenda was alone. She stood, door, and Brenda was alone. She stood, looking around in bewilderment, on the rare viands, and the expectant chafing dish, and the glow of her cheeks gave way to the pallor of resignation. She put away the festal preparations and, sitting at her desk, wrote, as one will work to avoid despair—a pathetic figure, with the shews of her wasted hand so painfully visible, and with tears starting reluctant from her lishes.

fully visible, and with tears starting re-luctant from her lashes.

And Harry hurried down the street, with left foot turning in unwontedly, and with sharp black eyes bent down. He and with sharp black eyes bent down. He was running a race with shame, and would be worsted, too, did he not soon find a refuge. But the refuge was near, and there was Billy Haynor waiting for him. The 'three stiff corkers' gave him courage to explain his scheme to his complacent companion; and then, hey for the land of laughter and license and revelry, where the five-dollar bill proved a rapidly-disappearing evidence of good faith.

There was considerable talk in literary There was considerable talk in literary circles when the result of the "Stylus" competition was announced, though it quickly faded before more practical interests. Shoulders were shrugged and lips twisted and William Haynor, whoever he might be, was pronounced lucky; and, "An Uneventful Life," just sappy enough to be successful; and then, to enough to be successful; and then, to work again, for the night of oblivion kept approaching. One there was whose concern in the award, being legitimate, was unheeded and unknown.

concern in the award, being legitimate, was unheeded and unknown.

Brenda had not seen a copy of the magazine; the fact that she wrote for it was a sufficient reason why she should shun its reading. Besides, to the constant exigency of affairs, there had been added a deeper trouble. Harry had disappeared, without a word of parting, as he had disappeared before; he would doubtless return, as a prodigal son always will return; but, sh! why did he so delay, and where could the money have come from which he must be consuming?

One there was, too, whose concern in the reward, being utterly impertinent, was active and aggressible. Burton L. Satterles, a young man of enterprise and ambition, had lately become a reporter of the Dally Antaeos, and was yearning to prove the singularly good fortune of his appointment. The Dally Antaeos was aptly named; for itw as a giant in its way, and gained strength from touching the earth—a privilege which it never neglected. It required an entire consecration in unquestioning obedience and devotion from its staff; and among enthusiasts Burton was by nature and desire tager to be the most enthusiastic. He was a great, burly fellow, 6 feet in height, with lurching shoulders and tremendous limbs. His large-featured face was set with an expression of intensity which rightly embodied the force within him.

was a great, burly fellow, 6 feet in neight, with lurching shoulders and tremendous limbs. His lurge-featured face was set with an expression of intensity which rightly embodied the force within him. When he made for a point, let the way be clear, for whatever interfered was doomed to be dashed aside and crushed. The award of the "Stylus" was an opportunity to Burton, for he recognized the successful moral tale as one which he had contemmed and rejected, a few months since, when he had been a reader for a weil-known publishing-house. He had quarrelied with this firm, righteously, of course, and had left its employ—perhaps this quarrel heightened his memory, for his good judgment had been doubted; and now the success of "An Uneventful Liffe" seemed another imquitous doubt. "An Uneventful Liffe." Surely that had not been its title, just so surely as "William Haynor" had not been the author's name. As to the former, he feit quite certain that it had been some such conglomeration of characters as the "Markhams and the Maidments"; as to the latter, he could not recall if he had ever known, but he was positive that a woman's mind had conceived and a woman's hand had transcribed that "Hannah-Moreish" narrative.

Why, the secret reason for his averation was this conviction: for to his honest view women who wrote would be more suitably employed either in the nursery or the kitchen. Very well, then; here was a mystery, a deception; hence, an evident duty for The Antaeos, through him, its minister, to detect and expose; not in a

meddiesome way—oh, no, but in the sa-cred cause of Truth. Parenthetically, it may be observed that when truth stalks with a capital, some meanness lurks be-bind it.

It never took Burton L. Satterlee long It never took Burton L. Satteriee long to decide, and then he acted instantly. Who was this William Hayner, who had so unexpectedly acquired fortune and fame? The "Stylus," in its laudatory biography, stated that he was a young man, as modest as he was talented, who shrank from all notice, especially as he was engaged on another child of his genus. Surrous lauched aloud, which was was engaged on another child of his genius. Burton laughed aloud—which was the only way he could laugh. That was too incongruous; as if any author, however young and modest, when about to publish, shrank from notice! So he inquired and followed; and, having a keen and curious scent, else his present employment would have been brief, he found William Haynor, didatic teacher and moralist, one afternoon, sitting disconsolate in a billiard saloon, as they sit and watch whem the lord of the vineyard has neglected.

Satterlee made a terse statement in

Satteriee made a terse statement in connection with a display of his official badge. "Is there anything in it?" faitered the perturbed author. Yes, Burton as-sured him there was considerable in it. just as there were two ways of looking at it. For one thing, The Antaeos was liberal, most liberal, with those who fur-nished confidential, reliable information; but, for another, it pursued and punished ruthlessly chicanery that dared confront it. "Resides." he concluded, adroitly, "you don't seem to have benefited much by this scheme; a man of your appear-ance would be putting on more 'side.' I should think, with a thousand cold plunk-ers in his clothes."

Then indignation overcame discretion, and in a stormburst of vituperation Hay-

and in a stormburst of vituperation hay nor forgot himself so much as to tell the truth. He'd be all manner of acute condemnations if he would stand it, to be so done up by that little monkey—to give him such a larry, and then light out with the scads! He'd be the non-electest of the non-elect if he'd put up with it!
"That little monkey?" asked Burton: "what little monkey?"
"Why Harry Liscomb, of course."
"So, he's the writer?"
"Why Harry Liscomb, of course."
"So, he's the writer?"
"Write nothing. His sister, Miss Brenda Liscomb, wrote every word of it. She's an author, and so joily soft she'd give him anything."
"Oho!" mused the excellent Burton.
"Not ao joily soft after all. She's an author, hey? A professional? And the competition is limited to 'amateurs only.' I think I comprehend the little scheme." And then there was a transfer between accuser and accused which proved that the Anteos could be as generous as it was austere, and Haynor joined the game which he had watched so longingly with all the "side" of well-fortified clothes.
"Now for the chief conspirator." said the indefatigable Satteriee. He knew his fown well, to use a detestable current phrase which he was apt to employ with clownish complacency; little doubt but he would discover the retreat where she was hoarding her ill-gotten galms.

Brenda sat at her desk, more pallid, more fragile, more pathetic in her self-unconsciousness. She was working with a strange, unnatural energy derived from the anguish of her mind. Almost automated his would indite Harry, Harry, only and continually Harry.

Where was he, her charge and care, more precious for the responsibilities he imposed? Ah, pleasant responsibilities he imposed? Ah, pleasant responsibilities, would indite Harry. Harry, only and continually the return, when he knew so well that she wouldn't reprove? And, indeed, what cause on the response on the house of the service through regard and a conviction that no other place would receive her, here interrupted the race between Brenda's fingers and enot

superior in celerity and vigor to reason as the drawing of the sun is to that of the nencil. Brenda was particularly sensitive to force. This great, heavy, slow-moving hard-breathing man appalled her. He seemed to fill the space, and to crush he against the wall. Tighter to her side die she press her hand, for she could scarcely breathe.

she press her hand, for she could scarcely breaths.
Satterlee, on his part, instantly felt that mingling of delight and compassion which a rare, pale flower will produce. Such a sweet, delicate girl, so neat, so spotless, so ethereal; could it be that such as he should pass judgment on such as she? Ah, the pity of it; yet duty wouldn't be duty were it not hard!
"Pray be seated, Miss Liscomb," he began, settling the example, "I am a representative of the Daily Antaeos, and I have called to see if you wish to make any explanation of the deception practiced on the Stylus in the matter of the competition for its prize for the best moral tale."

tale."
The Antaeos! The Stylus! In the mat-ter of the competition. What a long-in-volved, portento sentence! Oh, what did this dreadful man mean!
"I don't understand," faltered poor

Brenda.

"Oh, yes, you do," retorted Burton, stiffening under opposition. "I recognized the successful tale," An Uneventful Life," at once as one I had rejected under the title, The Markhams and the Maidments," And I recognized, too, the necessity for the trick. 'For amsteurs only, was the condition of the compatition. But won't do, Miss Liscomb; ready won't do, The Antaeos, as the condition of the compatition of the won't do, Miss Liscomb; ready won't do, The Antaeos, as the conservator of public monals, must correct and avenge abuse wherever it dare raise its head. What have you to say for yourself?"

Harsh words, uttered in a stern, measured voice; and yet already in Burton's heart there was shame for his mission-there was interest toward his victim. Even the most infallible organ must have felt some compunction over that quivering, shrinking form with handkerchief pressed closely to her lips. For Brenda comprehended. Harry had seen the notice and had taken the manuscript, poor boy; had gained the prize and was away somewhere spending it. Oh, what should she do to shield him?

"Oh, is there nothing I can do to avoid exposure?" she cried.

"On second thoughts," said Burton, oracularly, flushing with triumph, "If you will refund the money, in consideration of your youth. I think the ends of justice will be subserved by a single notice in the Antaeos setting forth the facts and their remedy, without mentoning names."

"Oh, will, I will; I will work night and day, if you'll only give me time."

"Oh, will, a will; I will work night and day, if you'll only give me time."

"Oh; wou are lil? Let me go for assistance," and Burton sprang to his feet in alarm, for across the sheen of that handkerchief a evidi rod was spreading.

"Only go." pleaded a muffled voice. "Can't you see how you horrify ne?" And Burton crept down the stairs and slunt hrough the streets like one who has suffered an irremediable defeat.

Lay after day he returned to the house, besigning the meagre maid with inquiries, yet paying royality for his

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING NEAT-

Father caspard was selected by the Father Superior at Monterey to carry a message to the Mission San Juan, forty

miles away. He was offered a horse to ride, but refused it, and started on foot. It was May, the most delightful month in the year, and Father Gaspard, free from the restraint of the mission, beguiled the way by singing and solilequizing something after this wise:

"Indeed no: I feel far safer on my own legs than on the back of an implab bronco that plants his four feet all together in one small spot, and humps his back like a fiend incarnate. Did not I myself see the Father Superior's face blanch when he mounted him to ride down the Father Gaspard was strong and in

Father Gaspard was strong and in good health, barring a threatened obesity and a shortness of leg, but with the aid of a stout oaken staff he made good progress. A light refection at mid-day and a short slesta so refreshed him that he almost seemed to trot, so fast did the ups and downs of the mountain trail speed under his feet.

He passed the hight with a herdsman, who shared with him his simple fare, and in the morning, after giving the man his blessing, proceeded on his way through the mountain pass to the edge of the Salinas river. Tucking his gown around his waist, and carrying his sandals in

his waist, and carrying his sandals in his hand, he forded the stream in a shal-low place, mounted the bank, and drew long breaths of delight at the view be-The valley stretched leagues away to

the south, where the mountains seemed to meet the sand dunes separating it from the sea on the west. There were no land-marks of any kind, not a tree, shrub, or rock-only sn unbroken prairie of ver-dure and flowers, azure sky overhead, and a gentle breeze moving the grass. The good father hastened on. Well he knew that later in the day these great Salinas plains were the very nozzle of the bellows through which the trade

the bellows through which the trade winds swept, and toward evening a ferros to travellers from the fog that rolled in trom the sea, enveloping, drenching, and bewildering them so it was folly to continue their journey. They must stop where they were until the next morning, when the welcome trade winds once more arose, and drove the fog away in fantastic clouds over the mountains. It was the good priest's intention to cross the plains and reach the ranch of cross the plains and reach the ranch of Don Manuel, on the Gabilan, where he would pass the night, sure of a kindly welcome and good-cheer. But about noon, suffering from heat, fatigue, and the pangs of hunger, he bethought himself of a shepherd who tended the sheep of Don Manuel, with whom he had stopped once or twice when overtaken by the fog, and who had the knack of frying frijoles most deliciously.

Yes, there to the right was the hut, and a short distance away, the flock. So

and a short distance away, the flock So the priest turned from his course, and soon reached the shepherd's hut. He sat down on a bench by the door until he recovered his breath. Then, putting his hands to his mouth, called loudly; "Pedro!"

The sheep were huddled together in

The sheep were buddled together in groups, heads to the ground, their wooll backs resisting the heat of the sun. At his call, some lifted their heads, but the shepherd did not rise from his sleep on the ground, as Father Gaspard expected. Instead, the black head of a shepherd dog lifted itself on the further side of the flock. Then, circling around it, he came bounding and leaping toward the priest. On reaching him he ran around and around, barking, jumping, and trying to lick his face.

o lick his face. Father Gaspard laughed, and said: "Is Father Gaspard laughed, and said; 1s it thou, Domingo? This is a cordini greeting, but where is thy master, Pedro? Is the sluggard asleep in the grass?

The dog showed all his teeth, and bent himself almost double, first one side, then the other, in the violent wags of his tail. He ran a little way, then lay down and test his head on his news an instant.

Or, only a squirre's?. Oh, it is the lazy shepherd. Awake. Pedro!' said the priest, reaching down to shake the prostrate form, but he started back, for it Porons Glass. not that of a sleeping man, but a dead one. "How is this?" cried Father Gaspard, in

"Pedro dead! and of what for distress. He turned the body over. "Thou hast pores of the material admit air freely

thou art a noble fellow, and shalt have thy reward. The man must be buried, at

folded on a pile of dry grass, to wrap the body in. Then he went back to the dead brick wall and gain admission to the man. man.
It was no easy task to dig the grave

alone and get the body in it, but he went bravely to work, and, cheered by an oc-casional visit from the dog, by the time the first harbinger of the fog—in the form of a fleecy mist—floated over the sand dunes, it was accomplished. Father Gaspard went back to the hut. worn and weary, indeed, and cooked some frijoles, and found some meal, of which he made a cake and baked it in the ashes of his fire. He offered some to the dog, who only sniffed at it, and would not eat. The priest, seated at the door of the but, saw Domingo round up the sheep and head them toward the corral. There were many hundreds, and he drove them carefully and without haste safely inside.

carefully and without haste safely inside, all but one laggard, a half-grown lamb,

A MONTEREY PASTORAL.

which came bleating and running to join the others.

The dog stood at the entrance of the enclosure, but instead of letting the lamb pass, he sprang at its throat, and bere it to the ground, lapping eagerly the warm blood that flowed from the lacerated wound. As soon as it ceased its struggles, he tore the flesh from its bones and ate ravenously.

Father Gaspard was angry, and shouting to the dog, tried to drive him from the lamb, but Domingo growled, and would not obey.

Having finished his meal, he dragged the body away from the corral, and be-

would not obey.

Having finished his meal, he dragged the body away from the corral, and began to dig a hole. When he considered it deep enough, he pushed the lamb in, but dragged it out again and dug the hole a little wider. In the lamb was flung again—out once more and turned around. Then, apparently satisfied, he pushed it in and covered it up, shoving the earth over it with his nose. Then he went to the gate of the corral, selected a place to rest, licked his paws, turned around and around several times, lay down, and, rolling himself up, went to sleep.

Father Gaspard watched this wantonness on the part of the dog with great distress; then, too weary to sit up longer, he entered the hut, and on the shepherd's bed of grasses slept the sleep of fatigue and innocence.

In the morning he was awakened by the barks of the dog and the tramp of the

and innocence.

In the morning he was awakened by the barks of the dog and the tramp of the sheep as they were driven out to graza. After eating the remains of the beans and meal cake, he sat on the bench and wondered what was best to do. Should he remain there and guard the flock from the dog, and await some one's coming, to send word to Don Manuel, or should he hasten himself to the ranch and have a shepherd sent with other dcgs?

He felt a cold nose on his hand, and looking down saw Domingo wagging a cheerful good morning. Father Gaspard pushed him aside and said:

"Away, Domingo, thou art no more a friend of mine. Thou art an unfaithful servant; even now thy jowls are red with the blood of that innocent lamb. No wonder thou disdained the frijoles I offered thee for thy supper, thou hads something better in store. Thou shalt be dealt with according to the crime. I

something better in store. Thou dealt with according to thy will tell Don Manuel of thy t and thou wilt be shot, an ignominious death for a shepherd dog. Or if thou shouldst escape, as I have no rope to tie thee, thou wilt drag out a miserable life in the mountains, like the thievish coyote, and like him, be hated and huntcoyote, and like him, be hated and hunted. It is a true saying that once a shepherd dog tastes the blood of a sheep he
is never more to be trusted. It is worse
than the thirst of man for wine."

Domingo sat on his haunches before
the priest and listened to this tirade, his
head on one side, his eyes fixed upon
those of his denunciator, and his tongue loiling out of his mouth, except when the priest paused, then he drew it in and swallowed. His sharp ears stood up and pointed forward and back from the priest to the sheep. Occasionally his eyes would roll toward the flock, and the little brown spots above them seemed also to move. Ever on the alert, he now dashed away

to see if they were safe.

Father Gaspard grasped his staff and arose to go, hoping to reach the ranch and send a shepherd back before night. Suddenly, a thought struck him, and he

what would have kept the dog from starving since the shepherd died if he had not eaten a lamb now and then. Yes, it had to be, for the good of the flock the dog must be fed. He killed the lamb quietly, not alarming the rest."

Father Gaspard called him by name and when he came running up stroked his

and when he came running up stroked his head tenderly.

"Domingo, mio, I was over hasty, and have done thee injustice. Dost forgive me for my blindness and harsh words? Yes, I see no malice in thy honest face. Thou needest no words to express thy forgiveness—it is shown in thy clear, brown eyes, and the vocabulary of thy tall and ears. I will tell the Don of thy tail and ears. I will tell the Don of the faithfulness, and thou shalt be canonized among dogs. Thou art no longer young. I myself have know thee a number of years. Thou shalt be relieved of the care and labor of the field, and live at the

He ran a little way, then lay down and rested his head on his paws an instant, then ran up to the priest again, emitting sharp, quick yelps. He repeated this again and again, but as the priest only laughed, the dog took hold of his gown with his teeth, and, backing off, tried to pull him along.

"Oh, well, then; I come," said the priest. Indulgently, and followed the dog, who trotted toward a clump of tail grass, looking back every few steps to see if Father Gaspard was close behind.

"Is it a fox-hole thou wouldst show me? Or, only a squirrel's had on the lazy of the mountain, and, looking back, saw nothing but a sea of fog. But had it been clear he might have seen a shower of dirt and grass flung high in the air, caused by Domingo in the act of oremreverting the remains of the lamb for

(The Medical Press.) The Parisian invention of porous glass for windows deserves some serious attention. It is claimed that the minute He turned the body over. "Thou hast lain here many days, my poor Pedro. Alleady the fog and sun have rotted thy garments and distigured thy face. Thou art offensive, and must be buried. And who has guarded the flock?"

He looked at the dog, who wagged his tail.
"Thou, Domingo! by thyself? Truly, paniment of draughts. The porous He looked at the dog, was is tail.

"Thou, Domingo! by thyself? Truly, hou art a noble fellow, and shalt have hou art a noble fellow, and shalt have hy reward. The man must be buried, at let of air without the slightest draught let of air without the slightest draught. Father Gaspard scanned the valley in all directions. No one was to be seen; no traveller or vaquero that could be called to help.

He went back to the hut and opened the door. It was in good order, showing that the shepherd had not lain there sick. Looking around, he found a small spade, and took a blanket, which was folded on a pile of dry grass, to wrap the back to the porcely and took a blanket, which was folded on a pile of dry grass, to wrap the back to the dead to be the merceting observations made some time since—was it not by Petten-kofer?—on the porcely of bricks, and the admission to the

> promising method of access. News of Disaster Not Exaggerated. VIENNA, June 10.-Further news from the Reberndorf Valley, which was swep by a storm Thursday, was received this morning. The previous reports of demorning. The previous reports of de-vastation and death were not in the least exaggerated. Seventy persons are known to have been killed, and many others are missing.

LONDON, June 10.-A dispatch from Simia says the Waziristan tribesmen have made an attack upon Fort Sandeman in the Waziri Territory, killing Lieutenant Howe and eleven of his attendants.

Let the men wash,

if they won't get you Pearline. Let them try it for themselves, and see if they don't say that washing with soap is too hard for any woman.

This hard work that Pearline saves isn't the whole matter; it saves money, too-money that's thrown away in clothes needlessly worn out and rubbed to pieces when you wash by main strength in the old way. That appeals—where is the man who wouldn't want to have the washing

made easier-when he can save money by it?

R. A. PATTERSON, PRESIDENT. L. Z. MORRIS, VICE-PRESIDENT. JAMES M. BALL, CASHIER,

corner Eleventh and Main streets, IN NATIONAL BANK OF VIRGINIA BUILDING.

SURPLUS. 40,000
Sums of \$1 and upwards received and interest allowed,
NEGOTIABLE PAPER DISCOUNTED. LOANS MADE ON REAL ESTATE.
Open daily from # A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturdays till 6 P. M. SuTu&Th

SCROFULA hereditary of acquire of

very low prices, and make to order Books of every description. By the use of our Patent Flat Opening Device our books cannot be surpassed for flat opening and durability.

Corner of Twelfth and Main streets, RICHMOND, VA.



(to 9-8a, Tu&Tb-fr RAILROAD LINES.

SEABOARD AIR-LINE

MOTTURE CT	EFFECT	SUNDAY
MAY	5, 1895.	
S. A. L.	No. 403.	No. 23. y. Dally.
Lv. Richmond	. 12:33 A. M	9:05 A.M
Ly. Petersb'g (Union	A1	9:52 A. M
Lv. Petersb'g (Wash	-	110111111111111111111111111111111111111
ington-Street	1:13 A. M	10:02 A. M
Ar. Henderson	4:14 A. M	1:45 P. M
Ar. Durham	. 3:30 A. M	. 4:09 P. M
Ar. Raleigh Lv. Raleigh	. 5:17 A M	3:34 P. M
Ar. Hamlet Ar. Wadesboro' Ar. Monroe	. 7:54 A. M	7:00 P. M
Ar. Wadesboro'	9:22 A. M	8:55 P. M
Ar. Charlotte	. 10:25 A. M	. 10:10 P. M
Ly Monroe	. 9:37 A. M	. 9:15 P. M
Ar. Chester	. 10:51 A. M	10:43 P. M
Ar. Greenwood	. 12:48 P. M	1:09 A. M
Ar. Augusta	. 5:20 P. M	. 9:35 A. M
Ar. Abbeville Ar. Elberton Ar. Athens	- 1:12 P. M	1:40 A. M
Ar Athens	3:03 P. M	4:03 A. N
Ar. Macon	. 7:00 P. M	
Ar. Atlanta	.1 4:09 P. M	. 5:20 A. M
No. 28, daily for	tlanta and	l points be
yond with through	ruman s	ervice.

yond with through Pullman service.
No. 403. "Vestibuled Limited Train,"
Buffet Sleepers, Richmend to Atlanta.
Close connections at Atlanta for New
Orleans and all points South and Southwest; and at New Orleans with the
Southern Pacific and Texas and Pacific
railroads to all Texas points. No extra
charge on "Vestibuled Trains." ARRIVE RICHMOND.

ARRIVE RICHMOND.

No. 402, "Atianta Special Vestibuled Limited Train," 6:40 A. M., daily.

No. 78, Mail and Express, 6:45 P. M., daily.

For tickets, Pullman reservations, &c., apply to H. D. Owen, Ticket Agent, Byrdstreet Sation; Richmond Transfer Company, 201 east Main street, and Company's Office, 836 east Main street.

E. ST. JOHN.

Vice-President.

JOHN H. WINDER,

General Manager.

T. J. ANDERSON.

General Passenger Agent.

H. M. BOYKIN, City Passenger Agent.

836 east Main street. my 11

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT MAY 12, 1895.

TFAINS LEAVE RICHMOND, VA .: 12:05 A. M., SOUTHERN EXPRESS, daily grant of the second of the sec

open for passengers at 9:30 P.
M. FAST MAIL, daily, for Atlanta and points South. Connects at Moseley with Farmylie and Powhatan railroad; at Keysville for Clarksville, Oxford, Henderson, and Durham, and at Greensboro' for Durham, Raleiah, and Winston-Salem. Carries sleepers New York to Atlanta, and Montgomery, and from New York to Jacksonville. Parlor Car Atlanta, to Birmingham.

6:00 P. M., LOCAL, daily, except Sinday, for Amelia Courthouse and Intermediate points. rd 12:55 P. M.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT RICHMOND: 5:00 A. M., From Atlanta and Jackson-

4:40 P. M., From Atlanta and Augusta, making close connection with train for West Point. train for Mest Point. LOCAL FREIGHT TRAINS Nos. 61 and 62, between Manchester and Clover, Va., and Nos. 63 and 64, between Clover and Nospolis, will also carry passengers.

YORK-RIVER LINE, VIA WEST POINT

THE FAVORITE ROUTE NORTH. LEAVE RICHMOND. TRAIN No. 10, 3:10 P. M.

LOCAL EXPRESS, daily, except Sunday. Stops at all stations. At Lester Manor connects with stage for Walkerton; also, at West Point with York-river steamers for Baltimore.

TRAIN No. 16, 4:45 P. M.
BALTIMORE LIMITED, daily, except
Sunday. Close connection at West Point
with steamer for Baltimore.
Steamers leave Baltimore at 5 P. M.,
and West Point 6 P. M., daily, except

and West Point 6 P. M., daily, except Sunday.

Trains from West Point arrive at Richmond at 9:07 A. M., daily; 10:30 A. M., daily, except Sunday, and Monday, and at 8:35 P. M., daily, except Sunday, and at 8:35 P. M., daily, except Sunday.

TRAIN NO. 44. 6:30 A. M.

LOCAL MIXED, daily, except Sunday, leaves Twenty-third street for West Point and intermediate points.

Ticket-office at station, foot of Virginia street. Open from 8:30 A. M. to 6:30 P. M., and from 9:30 P. M., to 12:05 A. M.

J. M. CULP.

Traffic Manager.

General Pass. Ag T.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent.

N. J. O'ERIEN, Superintendent.

JOHN M. HEALL. Travelling Passenger Agent, 520 east Main street, Richmond, Va.

my 16

A TLANTIC-COAST LINE.

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1895. TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND-UNION

DEPOT.

9:00 A, M., Arrives Petersburg 9:50 A. M., Noriolk 11:25 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly, and Suffols, Va.

9:05 A. M., Arrives Petersburg 9:50 A. M., Weldon 11:38 A. M., Fayette-ville 4:20 P. M., Charleston 11:13 P. M., Savannah 1:15 A. M., Jacksonville 7:00 A. M., Connects at Wilson with No. 6, arriving Goldsboro 3:66 P. M., Wilmington 5:55 P. M. Pullman Sleeper New York to 2:55 P. M. Lord Arrivas, Polyarday, 2:45

pa. Aiken, Augusta, and Macon.

11:49 P. M., Arrives Petersburg 12:25 A. M., Burkeville 2:41 A. M., Lynchburg 4:55 A. M., Roanoke 6:55 A. M., Biristol 11:59 A. M., Pullman Sleeper Richmond to Lynchburg.

12:33 A. M., Arrives Petersburg 1:05 A. M., Weldon 2:50 A. M., Henderson 4:94 A. M., Raleigh 5:17 A. M., Elberton 2:04 P. M., Atlanta 3:09 P. M. Pullman Sleeper Wasnington to Atlanta.

7:25 A. M., SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION Arrives Petersburg 5:18 A. M. Makes all stops.

4:40 P. M., Sunday Accommodation, Arrives Petersburg 5:28 P. M., Makes all stops.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND. 3:19 A. M., From Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, and Weldon. 6:10 A. M., Atlanta, Athens, and Raleigh, 8:25 A. M., Lynchburg and the West. 11:36 A. M., Norfolk, Suffolk, and Peters-

11:05 A. M., Norfolk, Suffolk, and Peters6:45 P. M., Jacksonville, Savannah,
Charleston, Wilmington, Goldsboro, and Weldon.
7:00 P. M., Norfolk, Suffolk, Waverly, and
Petersburg.
8:25 P. M., Lynchburg and the West.
9:40 A. M., Petersburg Sunday Accommodation.
7:25 P. M., Petersburg Sunday Accommodation.
J. R. KENLY, Traffic Manager.
my11 C. S. CAMPBELL, D. P. A.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING NEAT-

N. W Nerfolk Western R.R. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 12, 185

LEAVE RICHMOND, BYRD-STREET STATION.

BAILROAD LINES.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG

AND POTOMAC RAILROAD. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 24,

TRAINS ARRIVE AT RICHMOND, BROAD-STREET STATION.

6:30 P. M. Daily, from Lynchburg, Lex-ington, Va., and Clifton Forge, JOHN D. POTTS, my 17 Division Passenger Agent. DEPARTURE OF STEAMERS.

VIRGINIA NAVIGATION TO JAMES RIVER

EDWARD E. BARNEY. General Offices: Planters' Bank build-je 2

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Round-trip tickets, good for thirt! Advantage fare, without subsistence. 5 of Tickets on sale at Richmond Traffsfer Company's 9il east Main street, Chesapeake and Ohio, and Richmond and Petersburg depots, and at Company's office. 10il east Main street, where tickets to many popular northern, watering-places and summer resorts can be obtained. Baggage checked through.

Freight forwarded, and through bills of lading issued for points beyond New York.

LEAVE BYRD-STREET STATION.

7:00 A. M. Daily, for Washington and points North. Stops at Elba and local stations. Pulman-Car.

12:00 M. Daily, except Sunday, for Washington and points North. Stops at Elba, Ashland, Doswell, Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooke, and Widewater. Parlor-Car; also, connects with Congressional Limited at Washington.

7:10 P. M. Daily, for Washington and points North. Stops at Elba, Ashland, Doswell, Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooke, and Widewater, and other stations Sundays. Sleeper, Richmond to New York.

ARRIVE BYRD-STREET STATION.

8:40 A. M. Daily. Stops at Widewater, Brooke, Fredericksburg, Milford, Doswell, and Ashland, and other stations Sundays. Sleeper, New York to Richmond.

2:45 P. M. Daily. Stops at Widewater, Brooke, Fredericksburg, Milford, Doswell, and Ashland, and other stations and Elba.

2:45 P. M. Daily. Stops only at Fredericksburg. Doswell, and Ashland, Parlor-Car from Washington.

6:53 P. M. Daily. Stops only at Fredericksburg. Doswell, and Ashland. Pullman-Cars from New York and Washington.

12:25 A. M. Daily. Stops at principal boat stations and Elba. Sleeping. Car. Connects with Congressional Limited between New York and Washington.

FREDERICKSB'G ACOMMODATION. (Daily, except Sunday.)

4:00 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:42 A. M. Leaves Elba.

6:40 A. M. Arrives Elba.

6:40 A. M. Arrives Elba.

6:40 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:40 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:41 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:42 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:44 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:45 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:46 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:47 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:48 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:49 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:49 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:40 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:40 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:41 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:42 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:45 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:46 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:47 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:48 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:49 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:49 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:40 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:40 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:40 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:41 P. M. Arrives Elba.

6:42 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:45 P. M. Leaves Elba.

6:45

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

EFPECTIVE MAY 20, 1895.
TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND, BROAD-STREET STATION.
8:50 A. M. Daily, with Pullman, for Norfolk, Portsmouth, Old Point, Newport News, and local stations.
3:35 P. M. Daily, with Pullman for local stations, Newport News, Old Point, Norfolk, and Portamouth, Norfolk, and Portamouth.

Old Point, Norfolk, and Portamouth.

10:30 A. M. Local train, except Sunday, with chair-car, for. Clifton Forge. Conneces at Gordons-ville for Washington, at Virginia Midland Junction for Lynchburg, at Basic for Hagerstown, and at Staunton for Winchester.

2:20 P. M. The Cincinnati and St. Louis. Limited, daily, with Pulman to Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops only at important stations. Connects daily at Covington for Virginia Hot Springs. Meals served on Dining-Cars.

Springs, break ing-Cars, No. 7, Local Train, except Sunday, follows No. 1 from Gordonsville to Goshen, Local Train, except Sunday, Accommodation for Char-5:30 P. M. Accommodation for Charlottesville.
Daily, for Cincinnati, with
Pullman to Hinton, and Gordonsville to Cincinnati and
Louisville. Meals served on
Dinling-Cars. Connects at Covington. Va., daily, for Hot
Springs.

TRAINS LEAVE EIGHTH-STREET
STATION.

9:00 A. M. Daily, for Lynchburg and Clifton Forge. Connects at Bremo, except Sunday, for Rosney; at Lynchburg daily, with Norfolk and Western and Southern Railway for Southwest and Southern Railway for Southwest and Southern Railway for Lexington, and at W. Clifton Forge with main line for Clincinnati.

5:00 P. M. Except Sunday, local accommo-

5:00 P. M. Except Sunday, local accomme-dation for Columbia.

8:20 A. M. Daily, from Cincinnati. 19:20 A. M. Daily, from Norfolk and Old Point.
3:30 P. M. Daily, from Cincinnati and
Louisyllia,
6:50 P. M. Daily, from Norfolk and Old
Point.
7:45 P. M. Except Sunday, from Clifton
Forge. TRAINS ARRIVE EIGHTH-STREET STATION.
8:30 A. M. Except Sunday, from Colum-

V COMPAN'S JAMES-RIVER STANDARD NAME OF NOTICE OF STANDARD NAME OF STANDAR

PHILADELPHIA, RICH-

THI-WEEKLY LINE FOR NEW YORK.

Steamers leave Richmond
TUENDAY, WEDNES

York.
Freight received daily until 5 P. M.
Preight received daily until 5 P. M.
Passengers leaving Richmond on MONDAYS. TUESDAYS. WEDNESDAYS.
THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS by the
Chesapeake and Ohio railway (via Newport News) at 3:35 P. M. and by the Richmond and Petersburg Railway Company
(same days) at 3 A. M. will make connection at Nerfolk with steamer leaving
those days.